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THE

HOODED

No 22- AUG.- SEPT.

HORSEMAN

10¢

YOUR GUNS
DON'T SCARE ME,
MISTER! I'M TAKIN'
YUH IN!

Also IN THIS ISSUE!
COWBOY SAHIB
JOHNNY INJUN
FLASH, The MIRACLE
DOG



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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

AMONG THE FEARLESS WESTERN MARSHALS AND SHERIFFS WHOSE NAMES HAVE BECOME IMMORTAL...ONE MAN STANDS ABOVE THE REST! HE WAS A TALL, ROVING HOMBRE GARBED IN BLUE...ACCOMPANIED ALWAYS BY THE FIGHTING FURY OF HIS FAITHFUL SIDEKICK, FLASH! AND NOTHING MORE WAS KNOWN OF THE MAN ALL CALLED...

The HOODED HORSEMAN



THE SHERIFF WAS AN OLD FRIEND, AN' I WASTED NO TIME MAKIN' TRACKS...

SO SOME GALOOT WINGED YUH FROM AMBUSH, EH? ANY IDEES?

PLENTY, HORSEMAN! THAR'S A HASSLE BREWIN' IN THESE PARTS OVER THE OWNERSHIP OF A FINE RANCH! MATTER O' FACT, THAR'S A LEGEND AS SAYS AN OLD SPANISH **GOLD MINE** IS SOME- WHAR ON IT!



TIM HIDALGO'S FAMILY HAS OWNED THE SPREAD FOR **GENERATIONS**, TILL **SPIDER HAWKS** AN' HIS MEN RODE INTUH THE TERRITORY! SOMEHOW HAWKS LEARNED THE HIDALGOS NEVER FILED A PROPER **TITLE** TUH THE PLACE! SO HE FILED IN HIS OWN NAME REAL QUICK AN' FORCED ME TUH RUN TIM OFF AS A **SQUATTER**!



TIM'S AGIN ME FER THAT, AN' THE HAWKS GANG KNOWS I'M JEST ITCHIN' FER A CHANCE TUH LOCK 'EM UP! TIM'S FIXIN' TUH GET HIS SPREAD BACK BY **FORCE**... AN' BLOOD-SHED'S AS SURE AS ONE OF 'EM PLUGGED ME!

REST EASY, OLD TIMER... I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!



WEARIN' THE SHERIFF'S BADGE AS A **DEPUTY** MUH FIRST CHORE WAS TUH SERVE NOTICE ON BOTH SIDES THAT I'D TOLERATE **NO VIOLENCE**! HEARIN' THAT TIM HIDALGO WAS AT THE HOTEL, I SASHAYED OVER...

WHO'S TIM HIDALGO? I AIM TUH PALAVER WITH 'IM!

YUH'RE LOOKIN' AT 'IM, HOMBRE!



I CAME TUH THE POINT PRONTO...

YUH DON'T FOOL ME, AMIGO! YUH CALL YORESELF THE **LAW**... BUT I KNOW YUH'RE ON THAT **CROOK'S** SIDE TUH STEAL MY **RANCH**!

AN' THAT'S WHY YUH SHOT THE SHERIFF?



I AIN'T THE KIND TUH SHOOT FROM AMBUSH... EVEN THOUGH I HAD **CAUSE**! IF HE HADN'T BEEN **OLD** I WOULD'A SLUGGED IT OUT **MAN TO MAN**! BUT **YOU'RE** YOUNG ENOUGH, PARDNER... TOO BAD YUH'RE **HIDIN'** BEHIND THAT **BADGE**!

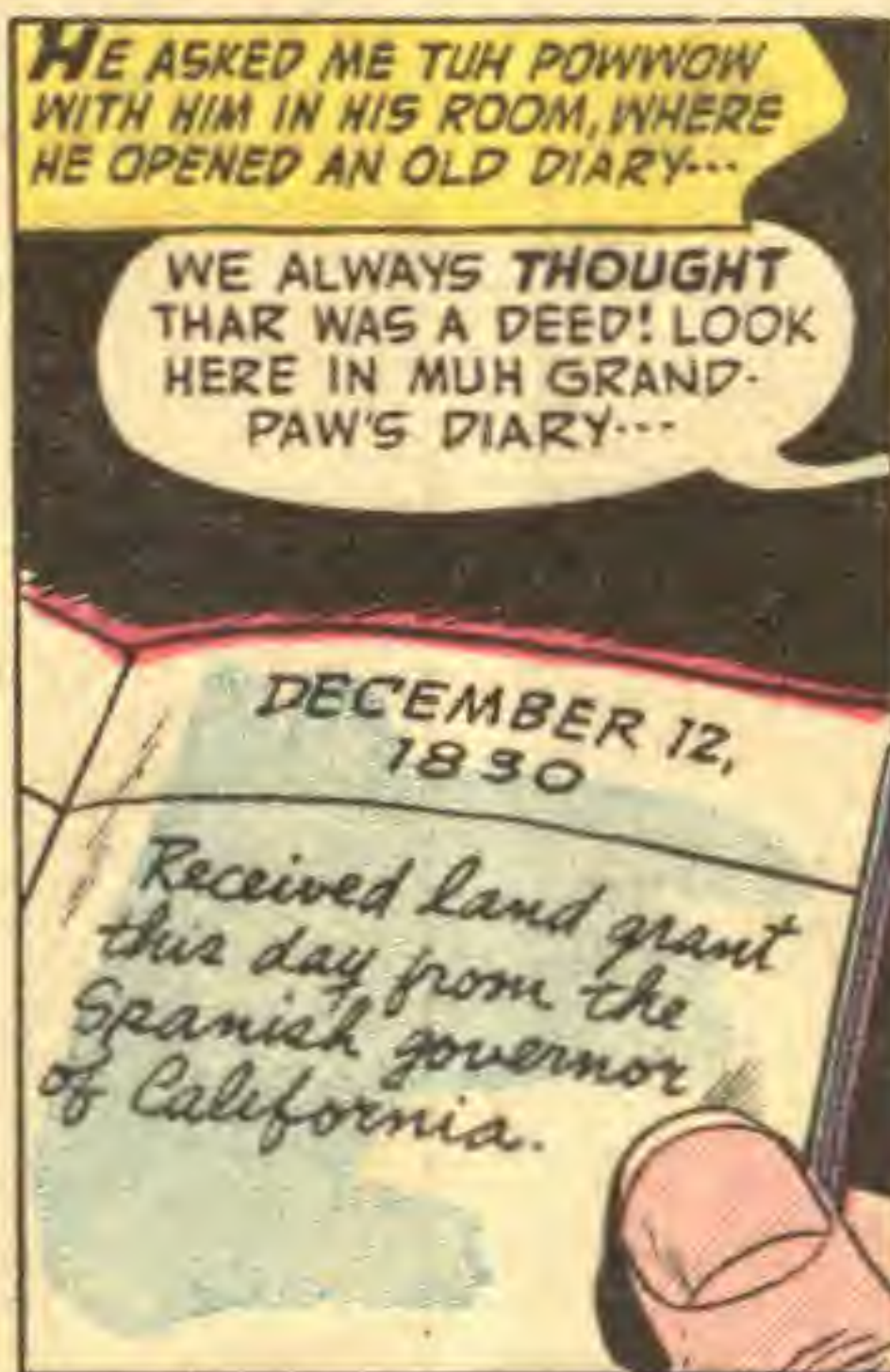
IN THAT CASE, MUH FRIEND... I'LL **OBLIGE** YUH!



WAL, IT WAS QUITE A FIGHT...

GIVE 'EM ROOM! THEY'RE A COUPLE O' **RIP-SNORTIN'** BEAR CATS!





BUT NO TRACE OF THE COACH WAS FOUND---

THE SLIDE MUST HAVE COME **AFTER** THE COACH PASSED! BUT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED? THE INDIANS ARE AT PEACE AND NO HIGH-WAYMEN HAVE BEEN SEEN LATELY! COME, LET US LOOK FURTHER!



WEEKS LATER THE SEARCH WAS ABANDONED! THE PERILOUS MOUNTAIN ROAD WAS CONSIDERED TOO RISKY TO BE WORTH REPAIRIN' AND A NEW ONE WAS BUILT---

MIGHTY PECULIAR, TIM! TELL ME, ANY PARTICULAR REASON HAWKS WANTS YORE SPREAD?



SHORE! THAT'S SUPPOSED TUH BE AN OLD MINE WORTH MILLIONS ON IT! WE'VE SEARCHED FOR THAT TOO...

WITH NARY A CLUE!



TIM PROMISED TUH HOLD HIS PEACE WHILE I DID SOME SCOUTIN' AROUND! MUH FIRST JOB WAS TO GET SPIDER HAWKS TO DO THE SAME---

LOOKS TUH ME LIKE AN ORNERY CUSS, FLASH! COME ON, LET'S PAY HIM A VISIT!

HIDALGO RANCH,
SLIM HAWKS, PROP.
KEEP OFF OR BE SHOT ON SIGHT



UNKNOWN TO ME, WE WERE ALREADY UNDER OBSERVATION BY HAWKS' MEN, ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A RAID BY THE HIDALGOS---

HERE COMES ONE OF 'EM NOW!

WAIT TILL HE GETS CLOSER! C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF SIGHT!



I WAS RIDIN' AT AN EASY CANTER WHEN FLASH STARTED ACTIN' UP---

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY? YUH SMELL SOMETHIN' AROUND THE BEND? **AMBUSH, MEBBE?**

GRRR! YIP!



NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES I CLIMBED THE ROCKY CLIFF TUH HAVE A LOOK-SEE! SURE ENOUGH---

HE SHOULD BE COMIN' ANY SECOND! DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TUH DRAW!

FIXIN' TUH DRYGULCH ME, EH?



I DROPPED DOWN FOR AN UNEXPECTED VISIT---

HOWDY, AMIGOS!



YUH'RE PLUMB LUCKY I'M A PEACEFUL MAN!



I THREW THEIR WEAPONS OVER THE CLIFF AS SOON AS THEY CALLED IT QUITS...

I COULD'VE **KILLED** YUH... BUT I DON'T OPERATE THAT WAY! BUT I'M **WARNIN'** YUH... ANY MORE RAMBUNCTIOUSNESS AN' I'LL MOVE IN WITH A **POSSE!** NOW **GIT GOIN'!**

W-WE'RE GOIN'... WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE!



BEIN' CLOSE TO THE OLD ROAD HIDALGO TOLD ME ABOUT I FIGURED THERE WARN'T NO HARM IN HAVIN' A PEEK AT IT.

YUP, HERE'S WHAR THE SLIDE CAME! HMMM, NO SIGN OF THE COACH BELOW OR FURTHER ON... BUT SUPPOSE THE SLIDE WAS **ALREADY** HERE WHEN THE COACH ARRIVED, AND THEY DECIDED TUH **TURN BACK?** MEBBE WORTH INVESTIGATIN...



I KEPT MUH EYE PEELED AS I BACKTRACKED, AND AFORE LONG...

HERE'S THE ONLY SPOT A STAGE COULD'VE TURNED OFF THE ROAD, MEBBE LOOKIN' FOR A DETOUR! PLENTY OVERGROWN... BETTER DISMOUNT FOR A SPELL...



IT WAS LIKE GOIN' THROUGH JUNGLE, AN' FLASH SEEMED MIGHTY UNHAPPY! THEN...

JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES! AN OLD **EXPRESS BOX**... AND IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JOLTED OFF THE STAGE I'M LOOKIN' FOR! **SIMMER DOWN, FLASH!**



THROWIN' CAUTION TO THE WINDS I PLUNGED FORWARD! SUDDENLY...

HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS! I... I'M FALLIN'!



LUCKILY I DIDN'T HAVE A FAR DROP, BUT I WAS SHOOK UP PLENTY! BUT THE BIG SHOCK CAME WHEN I LOOKED AROUND...

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNIN'! THE GROUND GAVE WAY ABOVE THIS ABANDONED **MINE SHAFT!** THAT LEGEND ABOUT SPANISH GOLD MUST BE **TRUE!**



LIGHTIN' A WOODEN TORCH I STARTED SCOUTIN' ALONG THE SHAFT! FURTHER ON I CAME TO THE BLEACHED WRECKAGE OF WHAT I WAS LOOKIN' FOR...

THE OLD STAGE! NO WONDER IT WAS NEVER FOUND!



MEN AND HORSES MUST'VE BEEN KILLED OUTRIGHT, BECAUSE AT THE POINT WHERE THEY'D BROKEN THROUGH INTO THE SHAFT THE DROP WAS MUCH GREATER! IT WASN'T PLEASANT INSPECTIN' THE REMAINS INSIDE THE SHAFT!

T.R.H.—THE INITIALS OF TIM HIDALGO'S GRANDFATHER! I DON'T DARE OPEN IT—IF THE DEED'S INSIDE IT MIGHT CRUMBLE TUH BITS!



I DIDN'T REALIZE ENEMY EYES WERE WATCHIN' ME ALL THE TIME...

SO THAT'S THE HOMBRE THAT DISARMED YUH, EH? TOO BAD WE CAN'T SHOOT HIM—'CAUSE THAT THING HE'S HOLDIN' MAY BE THE DEED TUH THIS PROPERTY! BUT HE'S FOUND THE OLD SPANISH MINE—AND WE'RE NOT GIVIN' IT UP! COME ON!



OUT OF PLAIN CURIOSITY I FOLLOWED THE MINE SHAFT TO ITS END...

HMMM, ANOTHER SMALL TUNNEL OPENING! WAL, I BETTER RETRACE MUH STEPS AN' GET MOVIN'!



IT WAS NICE SITTIN' A HORSE AN' BREATHIN' FRESH AIR AGAIN...

BIG HERD OF WILD HORSES—MUST BE THEIR REGULAR STAMPIN'-GROUND!



TIM HIDALGO WAS SHORE HAPPY WITH THE NEWS...

SO THERE IS A MINE—ON MY SPREAD! C'MON, WE CAIN'T LET SPIDER HAWKS FIND IT! LET'S RIDE!

EASY! WE GOT TUH WAIT TILL THE STATE CAPITAL INSPECTS THE POUCH! BESIDES, HAWKS DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE MINE!



FOR TWO WEEKS WE HEARD NOTHIN', AND MEANWHILE SPIDER HAWKS WAS IMPORTIN' HIRED KILLERS FROM ALL OVER THE STATE TUH JOIN FORCES WITH HIM! UNKNOWN TUH ANYBODY, THEY'D ALREADY STARTED WORKIN' THE MINE...



AT LAST, THE NEWS I'D BEEN WAITING FOR...

TIM! THAT POUCH DID CONTAIN THE RANCH DEED! THE PROPERTY IS YOURS!



I...I DON'T KNOW HOW TUH THANK YUH, HORSEMAN! LET'S SADDLE UP...I'M TAKIN' BACK MUH PROPERTY!

NO NEED TUH RILE YORESELF! I ALREADY SENT MUH DEPUTY, OLD ANDY SIMS, TUH SERVE HAWKS HIS WALKIN' PAPERS!



JUST THEN...

HORSEMAN! SIMS JUST CAME INTUH TOWN TIED TUH HIS HORSE, BADLY **WOUNDED**...WITH THIS NOTE ATTACHED TUH HIM! IT'S FROM HAWKS, AN' IT SAYS TUH KEEP OFF THE RANCH, THAT HE'S GOT ENOUGH MEN TUH HOLD IT TILL **DOOMS-DAY!**



SO HAWKS WAS CHALLENGIN' THE LAW, EH? I WASN'T TAKIN' THAT LYIN' DOWN! I GOT UP A BIG POSSE ON THE SPOT...

I HEREBY DEPUTIZE ALL YOU MEN TUH HELP ME GET TIM'S RANCH BACK **NOW!** ALL RIGHT, AMIGOS... **LET'S RIDE!**



AS WE GOT TO THE RANCH...

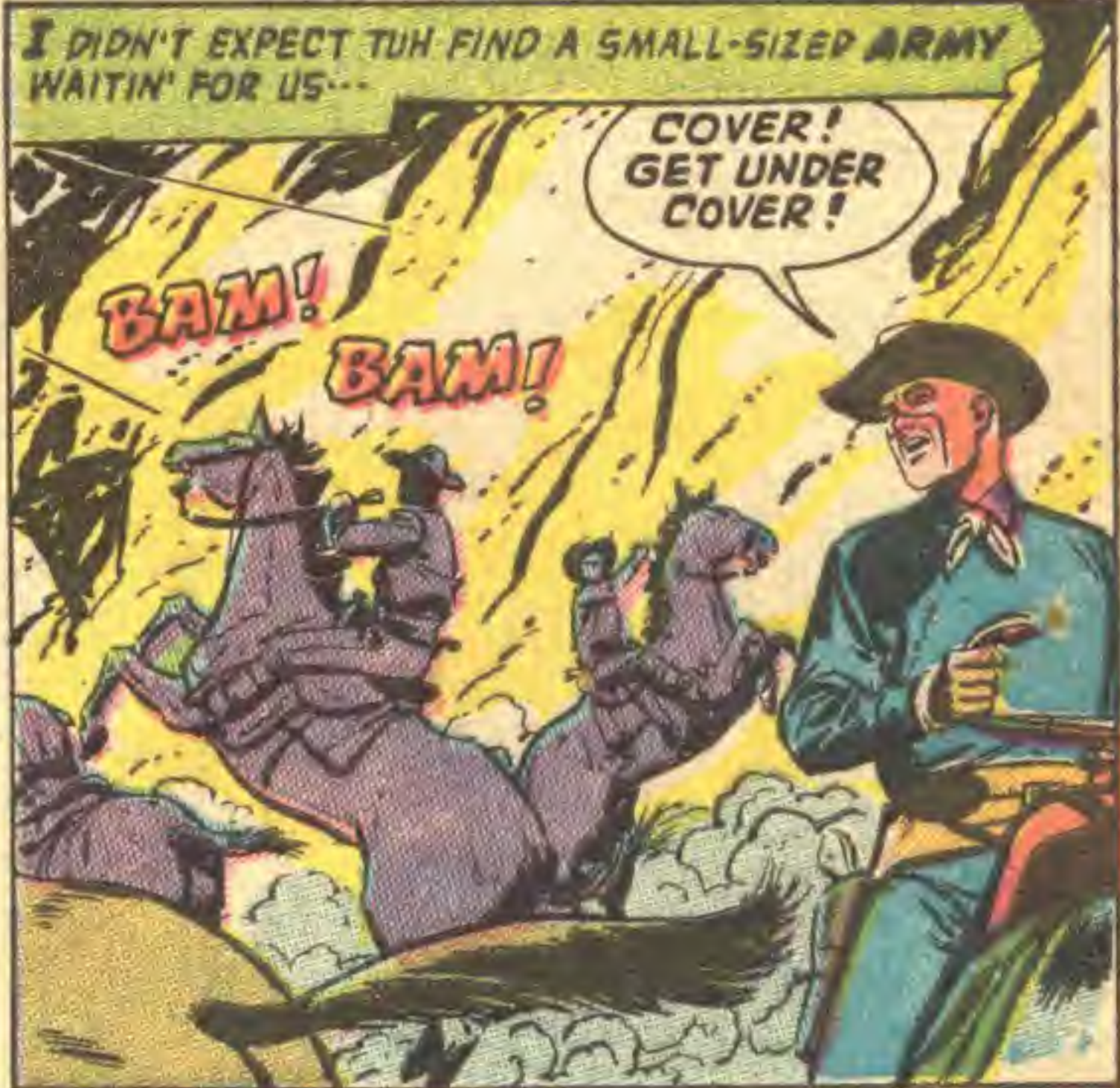
HOLD YORE FIRE A FEW SECONDS... THEN **SLING LEAD!**



I DIDN'T EXPECT TUH FIND A SMALL-SIZED ARMY WAITIN' FOR US...

COVER! GET UNDER COVER!

BAM! BAM!



HEAVILY OUTMANNED AND OUTGUNNED, WE JUST MANAGED TO GET AWAY, WITH ONLY A FEW WOUNDED...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE DON'T DARE **MOVE!**

THE LAW DON'T GIVE UP SO EASY, AND THE HOODED HORSEMAN **NEVER!** WE'LL WAIT TILL NIGHTFALL...THEN **INFILTRATE!**

ZINO!

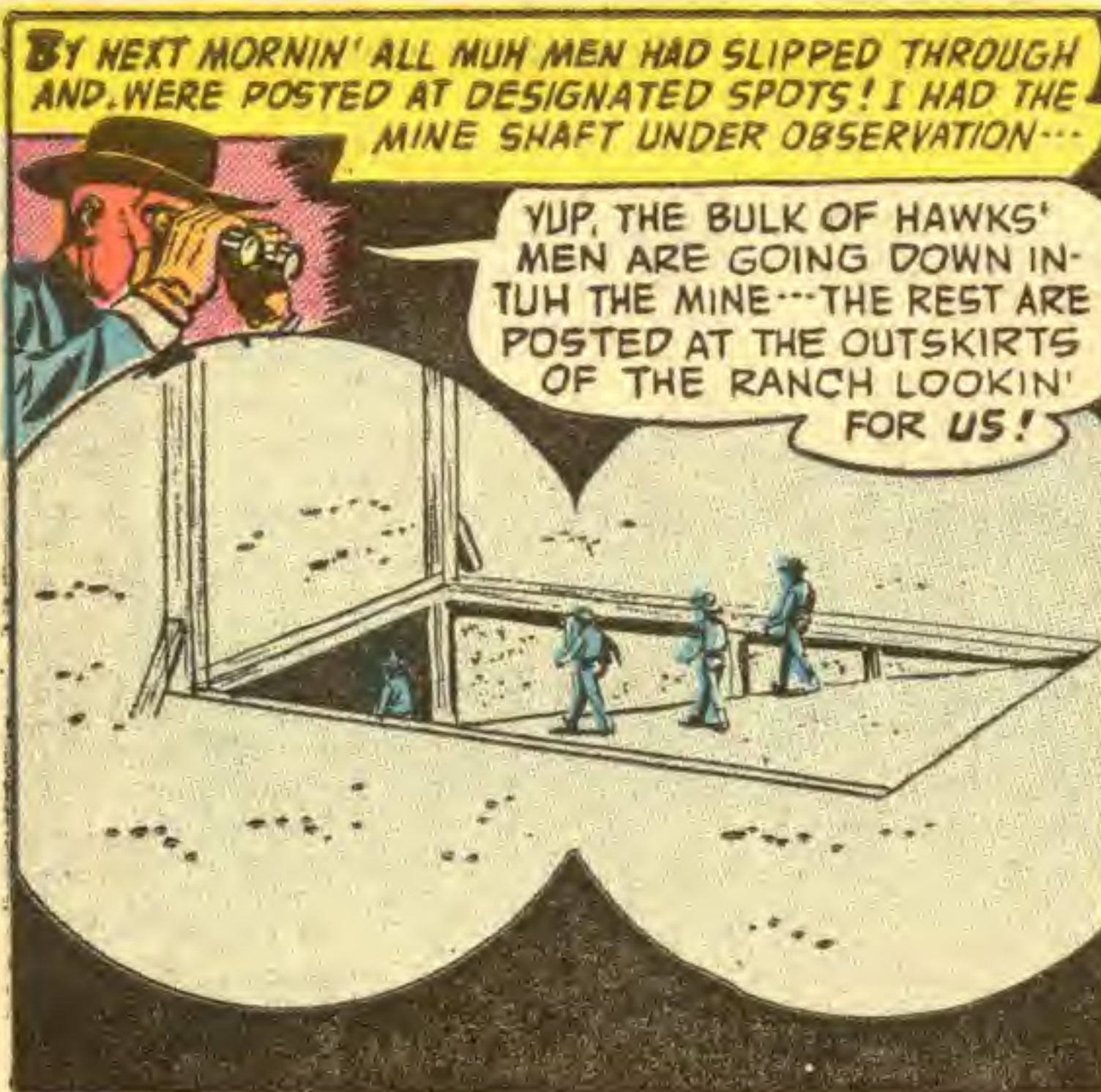


I GOT A PLAN! LISTEN CLOSE TUH THESE DIRECTIONS...THIS X IS YORE RENDEZVOUS POINT...



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE PLAN WENT FORWARD...





BY NEXT MORNIN' ALL MUH MEN HAD SLIPPED THROUGH AND WERE POSTED AT DESIGNATED SPOTS! I HAD THE MINE SHAFT UNDER OBSERVATION---

YUP, THE BULK OF HAWKS' MEN ARE GOING DOWN INTUH THE MINE---THE REST ARE POSTED AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE RANCH LOOKIN' FOR US!



YORE PLAN'S AWFUL RISKY, HORSEMAN!

IT'S THE ONLY ONE AN' ME AN' FLASH CAN DO IT!



THAT'S WHEN I MADE MUH MOVE! I'D NEVER FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT WILD HORSE HERD---

YA-HOO!



IT HAD TO BE A CONTROLLED STAMPEDE---PLENTY TRICKY BUSINESS---RIGHT AT THE MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE---

KIYIIPPEE!

SIMMERIN' SASSAFRAS! STAMPEDE COMIN' THIS WAY! INTUH THE MINE SHAFT---RUN FOR YORE LIFE!



WAL, WHEN THE HORSES BOLTED INTO THE MINE SHAFT THAR WAS ANOTHER STAMPEDE---THIS TIME A HERD OF OUTLAWS---

RUN FOR THE OTHER END! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THEY MADE IT OUT OF THE TUNNEL ALL RIGHT, STRAIGHT INTO THE MEN I'D POSTED! DISORGANIZED AND IN A PANIC, IT WARN'T NO TROUBLE ROUNDIN' 'EM UP---

GET 'EM UP, YUH SIDEWINDERS! NO FALSE MOVES!

D-DON'T SHOOT!



ONE OF THE GALLOOTS HAD A MIND TUH FIGHT, AN' TIM HIDALGO TOOK CARE OF HIM---

I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' FOR THIS A LONG TIME, HAWKS!



A COUPLA WEEKS LATER THINGS WERE RIGHT PEACEFUL AGAIN, WHICH MEANT IT WAS TIME FOR ME TUH MOVE ON---

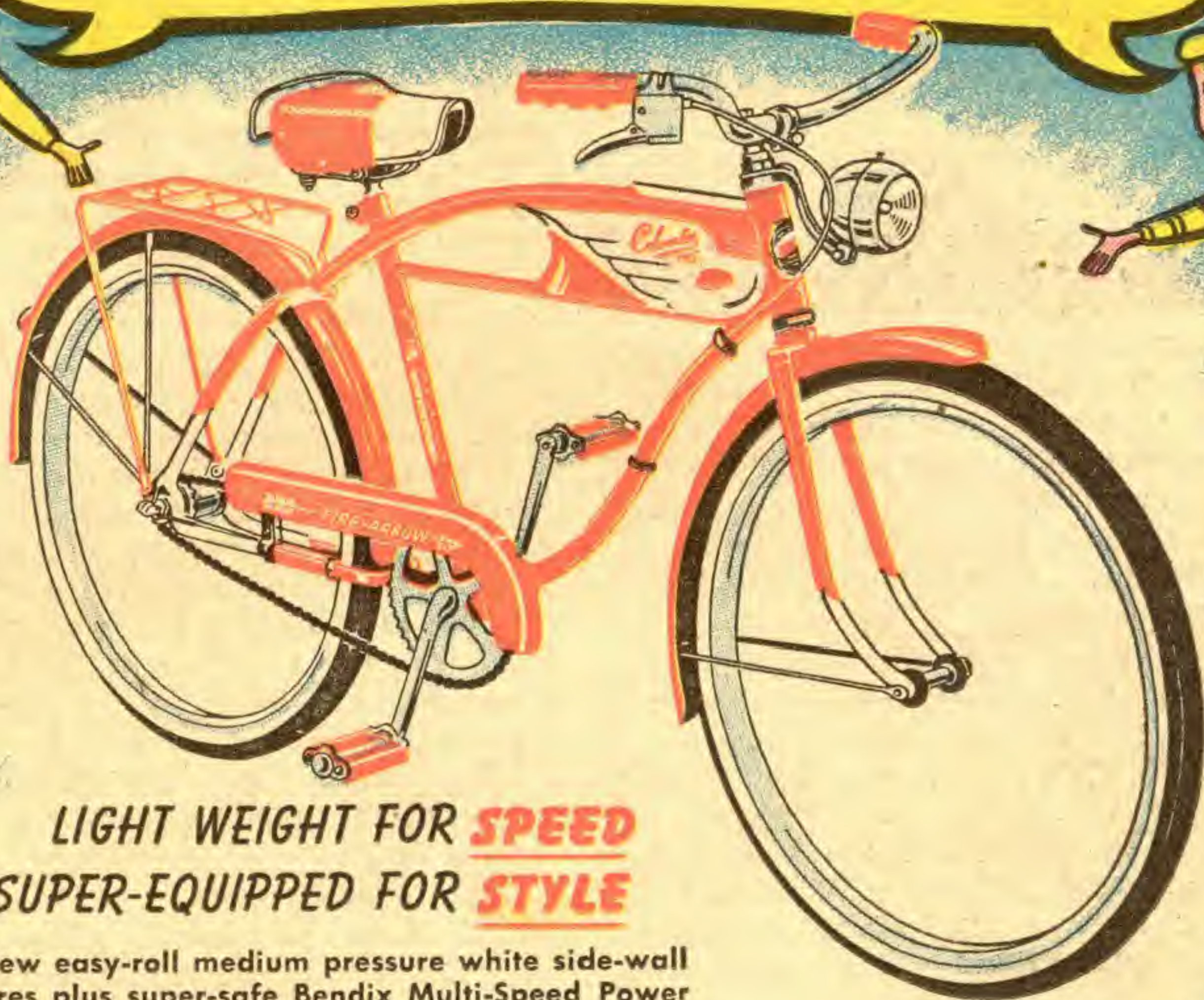
BUT YUH CAIN'T GO WITHOUT TAKIN' A REWARD, HORSEMAN---YUH'VE MADE ME RICH!

IT AIN'T MUH WAY, TIM! ADIOS!

ANOTHER RIP-ROARING ADVENTURE IS COMING YOUR WAY NEXT MONTH! DON'T MISS---THE HOODED HORSEMAN! THE END!

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Rodeo RUCKUS

IN the early days of the West, cattle from various ranches roamed the unfenced range together. Twice a year there were roundups, which the Mexican ranch hands called RODEOS, and at these group undertakings hostile feelings between different outfits sometimes ran very high. So it was between the Lazy D and the Big Ben spreads.

Roundups were hard, tiring, and monotonous. The only relaxation the cowboys had was telling stories and singing ballads around the campfire, and determining who among them were the best riders, ropers, and bulldoggers. For years the intercamp competitions had grown ever more fierce. People from town sometimes rode a hundred miles to witness the spectacular feats of skill, and now, when the rivalry between the two outfits named had reached the explosion point, they far outnumbered the cowboys.

The men from both ranches were proud, quick to slap leather, and spoiling for trouble when the day of competition started. Both sides put on spectacular performances, eliciting gasps and cheers from the large audience, and the honors alternated with exact balance. When the last event of the day rolled around each side had scored identical point totals, and everything depended on winning the saddle bronc riding contest. For this each side had its best man. Slim Hawkins, riding for the Lazy D, was acclaimed far and wide for his prowess on the meanest of bucking horses; and Tim Snyder, a new rider for the Big Ben outfit, had broken every bronc he'd faced. And so the two men squared off, as the crowd leaned forward tensely.

Slim Hawkins rode first, drawing a mean black horse named "Killer." Slim rode him high, wide, and handsome, sticking on his back through a wild series of plunges, whirls, sudden stops and violent pitchings. When his performance was over it was pronounced letter perfect by all, and greeted with wild cheering, except for the Big Ben hands, who only tightened

their lips grimly as their own man, Tim Snyder, slipped onto the back of "Menace," a huge bay cayuse no man had ever ridden successfully. Tim spurred the bay, and "Menace" leaped, snorted, whirled and bucked like a thing insane. But suddenly the saddle began slipping, and next moment spectators and cowboys alike gasped as Tim was pitched out of the saddle like a sack of wheat. He hit the ground hard, his foot caught in the stirrups, and was dragged 50 yards across the range before riders could catch up with the runaway.

It was then an awful discovery was made: someone had cut the saddle straps on "Menace" just enough so that they would weaken under strain. Tim was badly shaken up, but in a few minutes was able to stand. His fellow cowboys crowded around him, their fingers close to their six-shooters as they eyed the men from the Lazy D who had gathered a few yards away. The two spreads faced each other menacingly, and it looked like there'd be gunplay any second. It was then Slim Hawkins suddenly leaped between the two groups, his feet planted far apart, his eyes flashing fire.

"Afore anybody starts slingin' lead," he gritted, "I got just one thing tuh say. I know that some coyote in muh own spread cut that saddle strap, and I'm plumb ashamed. Sure, we all want to win, but FAIR!" Then he walked over to the still groggy Tim Snyder and said, "Yuh're too shaken up tuh ride again today, but I'm willin' tuh admit yuh're as good a rider as I am. In fact, there ain't much tuh choose between the men on our ranches, so why cain't we all be friends?"

That night, as the once hostile cowboys sat around the same campfire together, singing songs and telling stories, it was hard to believe that only hours before they'd been ready to fight to the death. Already they were talking about the next season's roundup, and each man had learned that there was something more important than winning, and that was HOW the winning was done.

COWBOY Sahib



THE FIND PROFOUNDLY INTERESTED THE WORLD OF SCIENCE! MONTHS LATER---

I ONLY HOPE THIS ISN'T A WILD GOOSE CHASE, FATHER! AFTER ALL, THE SULTAN, OR WHATEVER HE'S CALLED, DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE COMING!

CALM YOURSELF, SANDRA---I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE INDIAN PRINCES! AH, THERE'S THE CAPITAL CITY NOW!



AS A WORLD-FAMOUS ARCHEOLOGIST, PROFESSOR HENRY CARTWRIGHT HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH ORIENTAL MONARCHS! BUT A GREAT SURPRISE LAY IN WAIT FOR HIM---

BEHOLD OUR MASTER---COW-BOY SAHIB!

GOOD HEAVENS!

DO--DO YOU RULE HERE!



I SHORE DO, PARD! STATE YORE BUSINESS!

I---I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM CHICAGO TO INVESTIGATE THE REPORT OF AN UNCOVERED ANCIENT TEMPLE! I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO STUDY IT! HERE, I'VE GOT CREDENTIALS---



SHUCKS, PROFESSOR, I'M PLUMB GLAD TUH SEE AN AMERICAN AGAIN---ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH A PRETTY GAL! I'D BE MORE'N GLAD TUH OBLIGE!

MAY I INTRODUCE MY DAUGHTER, SANDRA---



A PLEASURE, MA'AM! TOO BAD YOU CAINT COME ALONG WITH US, BUT A FRAIL-LOOKIN' FILLY LIKE YOU AIN'T MADE FOR RUGGED TRAVEL!

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I WAS INTERCOLLEGIATE SWIMMING CHAMPION! WHEREVER MY FATHER GOES, I DO!



THE JOURNEY LED THROUGH VAST AREAS OF DENSE JUNGLE, THICK WITH INNUMERABLE PERILS---

MY, WHAT BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY! YOU MUST REALLY LOVE IT HERE!

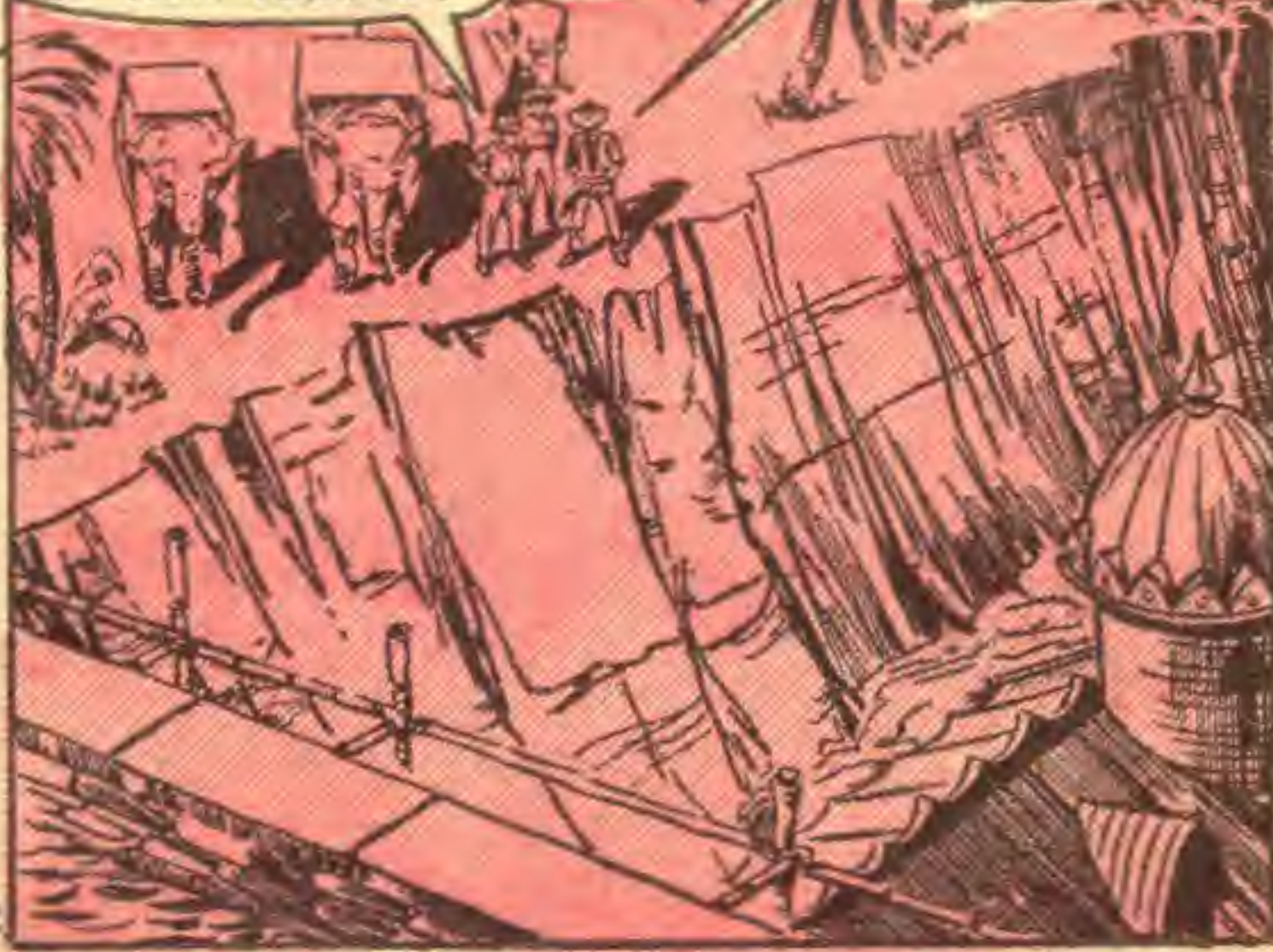
I GIT MIGHTY HOMESICK FOR WYOMIN', MA'AM---BUT I GOT TOO MANY RESPONSIBILITIES TUH LEAVE! LIKE THEY SAY, HEAVY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS THE CROWN!

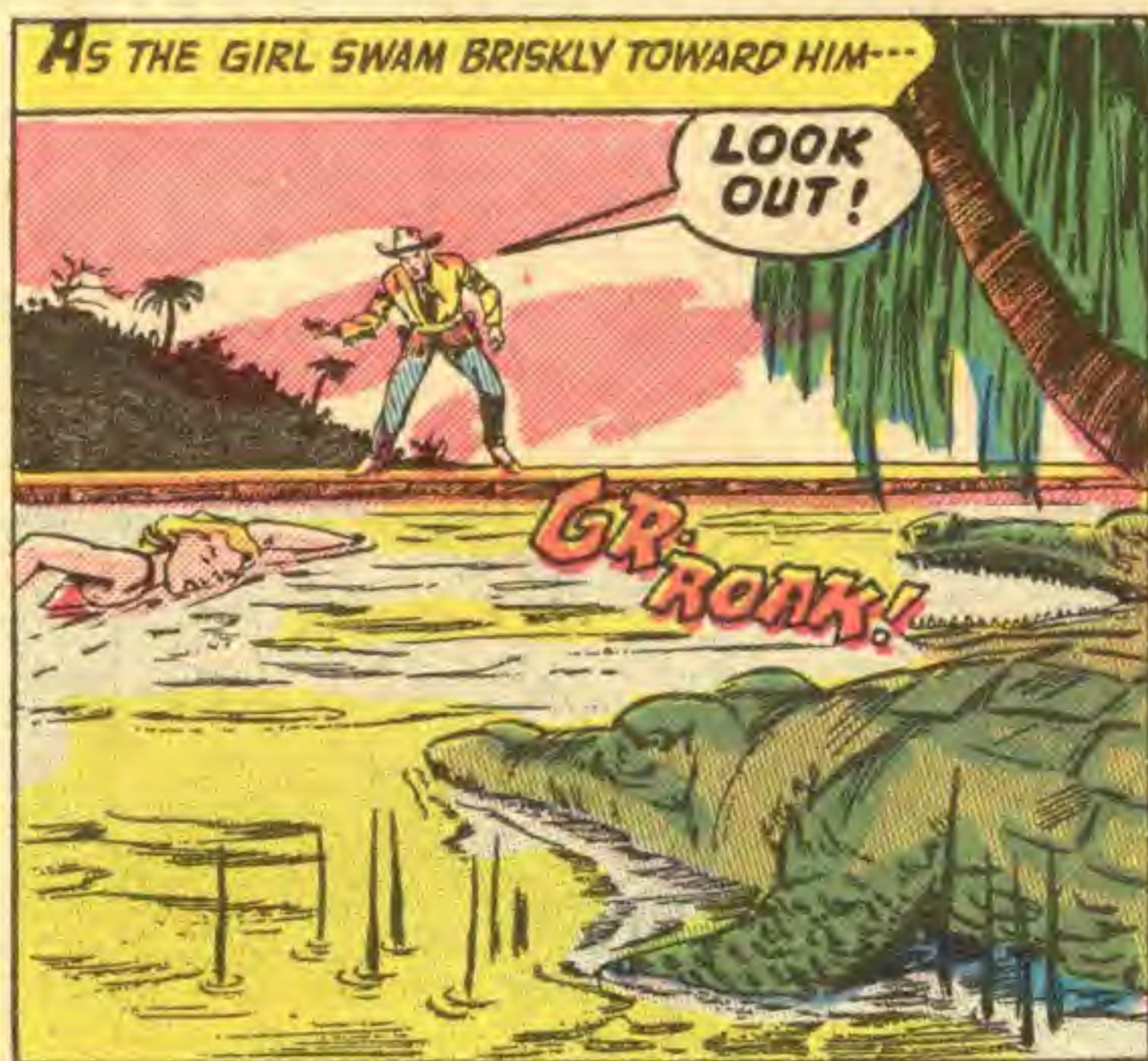


AFTER A WEARYING SIX DAY TRIP---

YOU'VE DONE WONDERS, COWBOY SAHIB! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO EXPOSE THE REST OF THAT TEMPLE!

WE ALL BETTER REST UP, AND TOMORROW WE'LL GET TUH WORK!





THE ARCHEOLOGICAL WORK WENT FORWARD SLOWLY UNDER THE PROFESSOR'S GUIDANCE! AT LENGTH---

IT'S **UNBELIEVABLE!** THE RIVER SILT HAS PRESERVED PRICELESS RELICS ALMOST INTACT! THOSE IDOLS WILL TELL US WHO WAS WORSHIPPED HERE!

WAL, LET'S GIT THE MUD OFF AN' HAVE A LOOK-SEE!



AS THE ENCRUSTATION OF CENTURIES WAS CAREFULLY BROKEN AWAY---

DOBU! IT'S THE GODDESS **DOBU!** OH, WHAT A FIND!

DOBU... THE ACCURSED ONE! WE MUST WORK NO MORE!



A WAVE OF TERROR SPREAD AMONG THE NATIVES, FOLLOWED BY HEADLONG PANIC---

SUPERSTITIOUS CHILDREN! IT'S TRUE A FIERCE CULT WORSHIPPED DOBU LONG AGO--- BUT IT'S **EXTINCT!**

YOU ARE **WRONG,** PROFESSOR! THE FOLLOWERS OF DOBU ARE **VERY MUCH ALIVE!**



WHAT'S ALL THIS **ABOUT, KRISHNA?** WHY WON'T THE MEN WORK?

THE WORSHIPPERS OF **DOBU** HAVE LONG HELD THE WILD MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES TO THE NORTH! THE GOVERNMENT HAS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TAME THEM, AND HE IS FOOLISH INDEED WHO VENTURES INTO THEIR TERRITORY!



THEY ARE A TERRIBLE PEOPLE, AND ONCE HELD SWAY OVER LARGE PARTS OF INDIA! OUR MEN WON'T WORK BECAUSE THEY FEAR THAT SUCH A PRIZE AS THIS TEMPLE WILL BRING THEM STORMING OUT OF THE HILLS! HEED MY ADVICE, MASTER--- **DESTROY IT!** IN INDIA, DOBU MEANS **DEATH!**

SHUCKS, KRISHNA--- I CAN'T DO **THAT!**

OF **COURSE** NOT! IT WOULD BE A GREAT LOSS TO **SCIENCE!** THE WORK **MUST GO ON!**



RALLYING HIS LOYAL SUBJECTS, COWBOY SAHIB WAS ABLE TO CALM THEIR FEARS TEMPORARILY! BUT THE NEWS SPREAD THROUGH ALL OF INDIA BY WORD OF MOUTH, CARRIED NORTH LIKE WILDFIRE---

IF THE REPORT IS **TRUE,** THERE WILL BE **TROUBLE!**

WE CAN ONLY WAIT ---AND **PRAY!**



WEEKS OF UNEASY TENSION PASSED, AND THEN, AMONG THE CRAGGY HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS WHERE THE FOLLOWERS OF DOBU STILL PRACTISED THEIR ANCIENT CULT...

HEAR, MY PEOPLE! THE GREAT TEMPLE OUR LEGENDS SPEAK OF HAS BEEN FOUND... IN LARIJUNA! AT LAST THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO ACT... OUR GODDESS BIDS US RISE AND CONQUER ONCE MORE!



BUT WHAT OF COWBOY SAHIB, DIVINE ONE? IT IS SAID HE IS A MIGHTY LEADER!

HE SHALL FALL BEFORE OUR MIGHT LIKE WHEAT BENEATH A SICKLE! NOTHING CAN STAND IN OUR WAY! ALL INDIA SHALL BE OURS!



AFTER MASSIVE PREPARATIONS THE FANATICS SWEEP INTO LARIJUNA, ROLLING OVER THE BORDER VILLAGES LIKE LOCUSTS...

FLEE! FLEE!

SEE HOW THEY FEAR TO OPPOSE ME! MY DIVINE DESTINY CANNOT BE THWARTED!



WHEN THE REPORT REACHED COWBOY SAHIB...

WE ARE *INVADED*, MASTER! YOU MUST FLEE!

EASY, PARD! WE'VE HAD TROUBLE *BEFORE*! LET'S GIT MUH ARMY TOGETHER AN' MAKE TRACKS!



THE ARMY IS *NO MORE*, COWBOY SAHIB! THE PEOPLE FEEL THE INVADERS HAVE A *RIGHT* TO THE TEMPLE, WHICH IS *CURSED*! ONLY A HANDFUL OF LOYAL FOLLOWERS REMAIN!

OKAY THEN, I'LL DEFEND LARIJUNA WITH *THEM*!



SORRY, PROFESSOR... I'LL HAVE TUH ABANDON THE TEMPLE AN' FALL BACK TUH THE HILLS YONDER, 'CAUSE IT'S THE ONLY NATURAL DEFENSE AROUND! SANDRA, YUH'RE HIGHTAILIN' IT BACK TUH THE *CAPITAL*!

NO! I'M STAYING HERE WITH *YOU!*



SORRY, GAL... BUT I'M GIVIN' THE ORDERS AROUND HERE! THERE'S A-GOIN' TUH BE *FIGHTIN'*... AN' I DON'T WANT *YOU* GETTIN' HURT! *MAKE TRACKS! PRONTO!*

ALL RIGHT! BUT PLEASE... DON'T GET HURT!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

KIDS! TEAM UP WITH YOUR PARENTS

**4052
TERRIFIC
PRIZES**



Pinky Lee says:

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Popsicle

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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IN THE \$100,000 "POPSICLE" CONTEST!

10 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

Here's all you do...

1. Cut out official entry blank (right) along dotted lines.
2. Carefully cut out the big "Sicle" ball from any three "POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAMSICLE," or "50-50 POPSICLE" bags.
3. Paste the three "Sicle" balls in spaces marked on the entry blank.
4. Match the ranch brands against the names of the ranches shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the ranch name in the corner of the box where you think it belongs. For example—we have put a 3 in the first box because Circle Z (#3 on the list) fits that brand.
5. In the empty space shown on the entry blank, draw the brand you would use if you owned a ranch.
6. Print the name of your imaginary ranch on the dotted line indicated on the blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
7. Write your name, age and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
8. Paste the completed entry on a 2-cent post-card and mail to "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 6th.

Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of correctness and neatness. In case of ties, originality of your "imaginary ranch brand" will be deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.

Remember! You have until midnight Saturday June 4th to enter the first big weekly "POPSICLE" contest. Thereafter weekly contests begin Sunday morning and end the following Saturday at midnight. All entries will be judged in the weekly contests by postmark date on envelope. The 10th and last "POPSICLE" contest closes with mail postmarked by midnight Aug. 6, 1955.

ENTER YOUR FIRST CONTEST NOW!

Last Contest Closes SAT., AUG. 6, 1955

Get additional entry blanks from your "POPSICLE" dealer!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Ⓩ	3	SV	SS
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≧	-BB	u h	

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Westward Look | 4. Thunderhead | 7. Wild Horse |
| 2. Bar B R | 5. Barra Nada | 8. Sahuaro Vista |
| 3. Circle Z | 6. Saddle and Surrey | 9. Diamond W |

Now, after you've matched the brands with the correct ranches, draw your own brand design in the box on the right. Name your imaginary ranch on the dotted line below.

My Imaginary Ranch Name _____

My Name _____ Age _____

Parent's Name _____

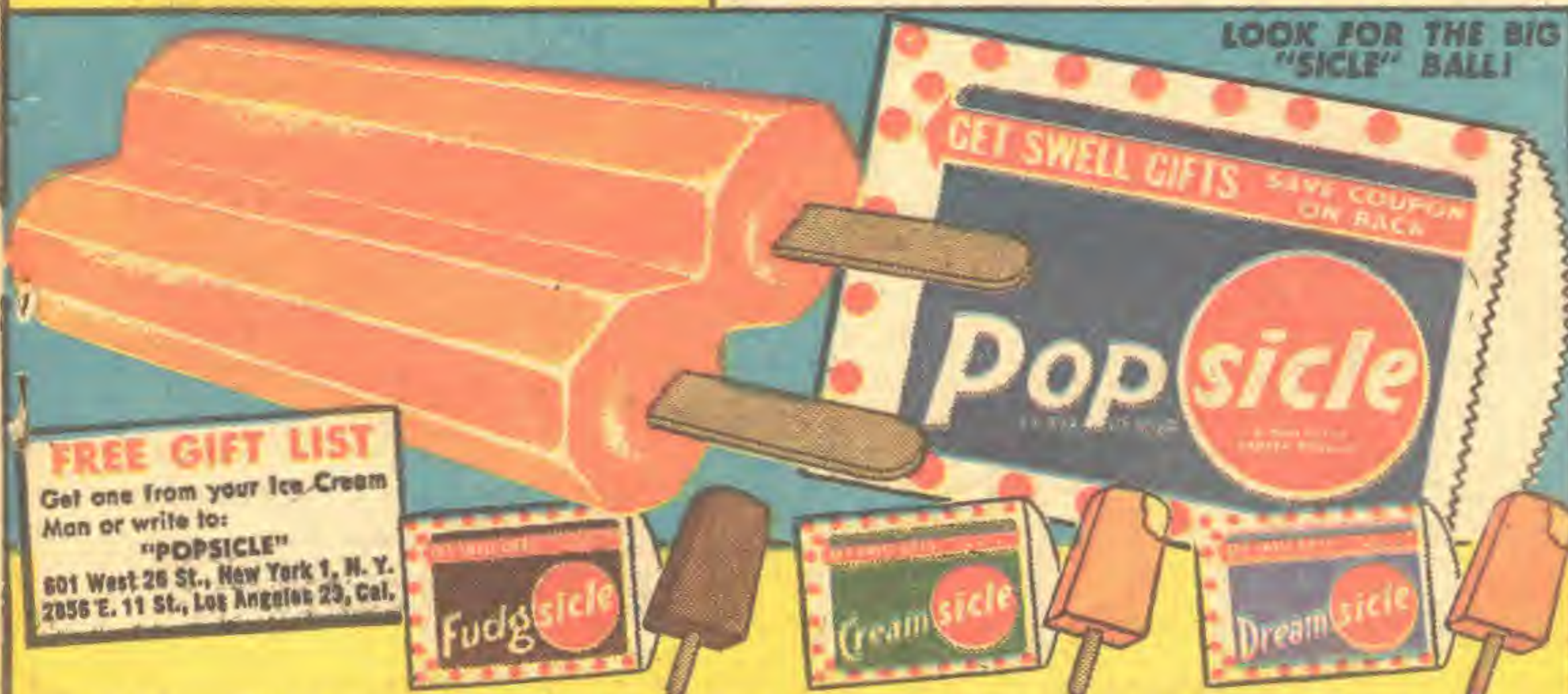
Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells _____

PASTE 3 "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

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"POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

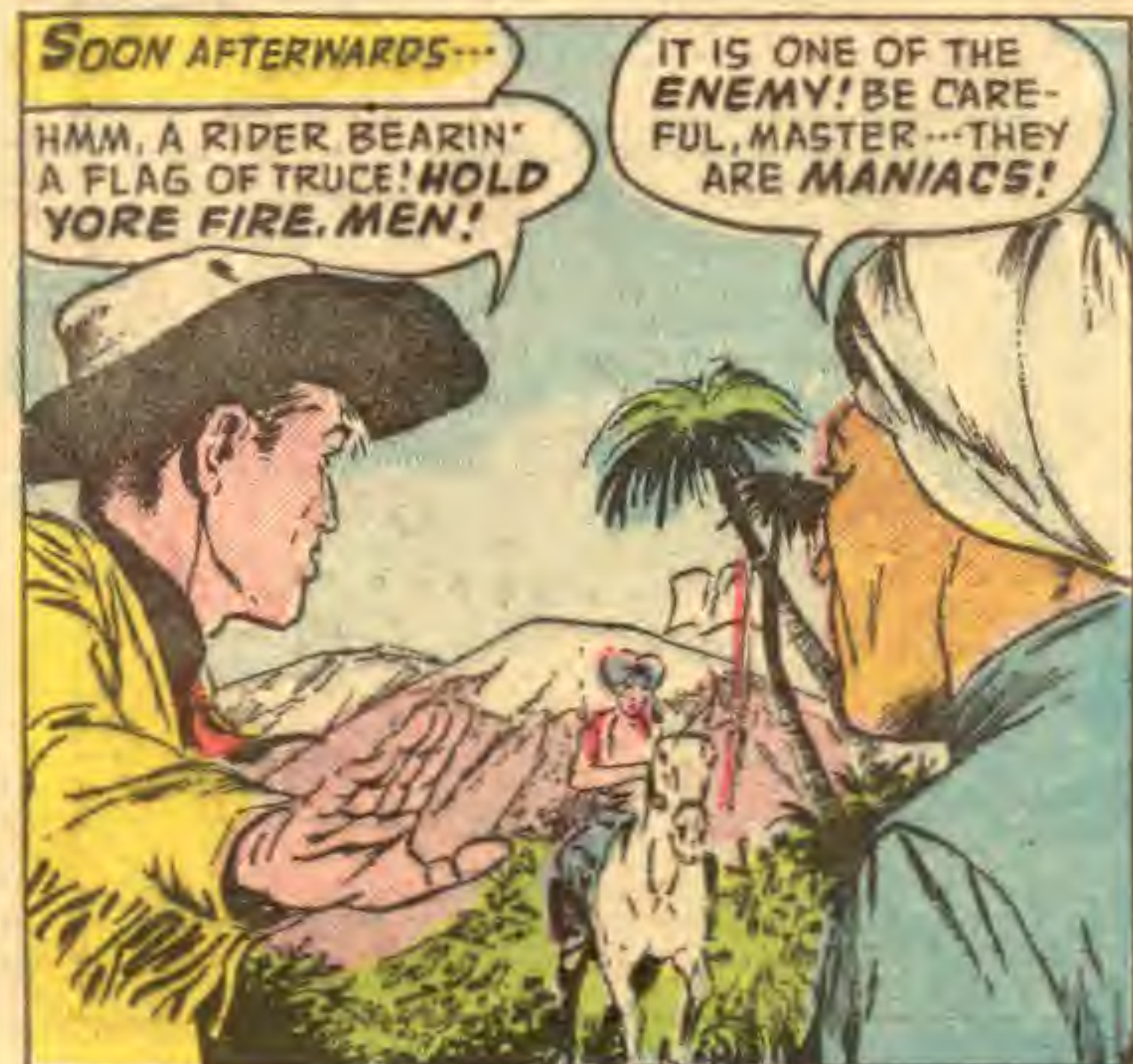


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I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR BRINGING HER TO INDIA!

LISTEN, YUH SIDEWINDER ---TELL YORE BOSS HE'S MADE HIMSELF A **DEAL!** I'LL BE ALONG AFTER SUNDOWN!

YOU---YOU'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF?

MEBBE! KRISHNA, GO ROUND ME UP SOME DYNAMITE AN' A 20-MINUTE FUSE!

IF I DON'T SEE YUH AGAIN, PROFESSOR---IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWIN' YUH! BY THE WAY, JUST HOW GOOD A SWIMMER **IS** THAT GAL?

VERY GOOD! BUT WHAT DOES THAT MATTER?

TAKING A WIDE DETOUR COWBOY SAHIB REACHED THE DAM AFTER DARK! HIS KEEN EYES SCANNED THE AREA---

CAIN'T LET MUHSELF BE SEEN **NOW!** JUST ONE SLIP-UP AN' IT'S **CURTAINS!**

MOVING WITH THE STEALTH OF A SHADOW---

THERE! SO FAR SO GOOD! BUT FROM NOW ON THINGS'LL HAVE TUH MOVE LIKE **CLOCK-WORK!** I GOT 20 MINUTES!

SPURRING HIS HORSE TO A BRISK CANTER, HE HEADED STRAIGHT INTO THE TEMPLE---

HOWDY, PARDS!

COWBOY! OH, YOU FOOL---NOW THEY'VE GOT YOU!

LOOK HERE, YUH COYOTE, YUH CAN DO WHAT YUH WANT WITH **ME**---BUT TURN THE **GAL** LOOSE LIKE YUH **PROMISED!**

YOU SHALL **PAY** FOR SPEAKING THUS IN MY DIVINE PRESENCE! THE WOMAN WAS ONLY **BAIT** IN MY CLEVER TRAP---AND I SHALL **NOT** FREE HER!

THE MINUTES PASSED SLOWLY---

YUH'RE ACTIN' JUST LIKE I **FIGGERED**, POLECAT!

THEN YOU ARE **DOUBLY STUPID** FOR COMING HERE! **SEIZE HIM!**



AS THE FRONTIER PUSHED WESTWARD INDIAN RESISTANCE BECAME EVER MORE FIERCE! EVERY FOOT OF TERRITORY WAS BOUGHT DEARLY, AND MANY A HARDY PIONEER NEVER REACHED THE PROMISED LAND! THAT CIVILIZATION EVENTUALLY TRIUMPHED WAS DUE TO THE BOUNDLESS COURAGE AND DETERMINATION OF MANY MEN, WHOSE GLORIOUS EXPLOITS WERE MATCHED BY THOSE OF A MERE **BOY**, A LAD RAISED AMONG THE RED MEN THEMSELVES, A FEARLESS STRIPLING THE WHOLE WEST KNEW ONLY AS...

JOHNNY INJUN!



LED BY THE SAVAGE APACHE CHIEF THUNDERCLOUD, THE FRONTIER HAD BURST INTO FLAME...

THEY'VE BLOCKED THE TRACKS!



INTENDING ONLY TO DISRUPT THE WHITE MAN'S COMMUNICATIONS, THUNDERCLOUD HAD STUMBLER UPON A GREAT PRIZE...

MUCH BULLETS AND POWDER ON IRON HORSE! SOON ALL TRIBES FOLLOW ME... DRIVE PALEFACE INTO DUST!



UNDER THUNDERCLOUD'S LEADERSHIP MANY INDIAN NATIONS HAD BEEN WELDED INTO A POWERFUL FIGHTING FORCE, AND NOW THE TIME HAD COME FOR HIM TO WIN THE PEACEFUL KIWAS TO HIS SIDE--

I SHALL NOT REST TILL THE WHITES ARE NO MORE, RUNNING DEER! WITH YOUR HELP THEIR SCALPS SHALL BE OURS!

WE DO NOT HATE THE PALEFACES, THUNDERCLOUD--WE LIVE IN PEACE WITH ALL!



MY OWN ADOPTED SON, JOHNNY INJUN, IS HIMSELF A WHITE! NO, I WILL NOT USE THE PAINT OF WAR UNLESS PROVOKED!

MY FATHER HAS SPOKEN WISELY! RED MAN AND WHITE MUST LIVE TO-GETHER--THERE IS ROOM FOR ALL!



THWARTED IN HIS DESIGNS, THE WILY THUNDERCLOUD PRODUCED A CUNNING PLAN TO GOAD THE KIWAS INTO ACTION!

MANY CAVALRY UNIFORMS ON IRON HORSE! BRING ME TEN FEARLESS BRAVES! THEY WILL WEAR WHITE SOLDIERS' GARB--TO AMBUSH KIWAS!



NEXT DAY A DISGUISED BAND OF REDSKINS RODE INTO KIOWA TERRITORY--



TAKING UP A VANTAGE POINT OVERLOOKING A WELL-TRAVELLED TRAIL, THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG!

WHITE SOLDIERS! RIDE FOR YOUR LIVES!

BAM! BAM!



THE IMPOSTORS HAD ORDERS TO ALLOW A FEW KIWAS TO ESCAPE, TO BEAR GRIM NEWS TO RUNNING DEER--

WHITE CAVALRY--AMBUSHED US! THEY HAVE BROKEN FAITH!

WE WERE FOOLS TO TRUST THEM! WE MUST JOIN THUNDERCLOUD ON THE WARPATH!



AMID THE UPROAR WERE A FEW CALM VOICES--

HEAR, MY BROTHERS! LET US INVESTIGATE THIS REPORT BEFORE FIGHTING! PERHAPS THE CAVALRY CAN EXPLAIN!

YOU MAKE MANY EXCUSES FOR YOUR RACE, JOHNNY INJUN! THE TIME HAS PASSED FOR TALK!



LISTEN, MY BRAVES! ANY FOOL MAY WAGE WAR, BUT A WISE MAN SEEKS PEACE! I SHALL SEND JOHNNY AND AN ESCORT TO THE MILITARY STOCKADE! COLONEL TRAVIS HAS BEEN OUR FRIEND IN THE PAST... HE MUST BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO SPEAK!

YOU ARE OUR CHIEF, RUNNING DEER! WE SHALL OBEY... FOR NOW!

IN THE FRONTIER FORT, A HALF DAY'S RIDE AWAY...

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, JOHNNY! WE WOULDN'T HARM OUR ONLY INDIAN FRIENDS! IN FACT, NONE OF MY MEN HAS BEEN OFF THE POST TODAY! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

I DO, COLONEL TRAVIS... BUT WILL MY PEOPLE?

CONFUSED BY THE MYSTERY, JOHNNY MADE HIS REPORT...

HE SWEARS HE KNOWS NOTHING! HE HAS PROMISED TO INVESTIGATE... I SAY WE MUST TRUST HIM!

IT IS MY COUNSEL TOO! LET US KEEP OUR HEADS... AND WAIT!

WHEN THUNDERCLOUD LEARNED THE NEWS...

IT IS JOHNNY INJUN WHO STANDS IN MY WAY... BUT HIS DEATH WILL BRING THE KIWAS INTO MY CAMP! LISTEN, I HAVE A PLAN...

THE SAME MASQUERADING CAVALRYMEN WERE DISPATCHED TO SET A TRAP! TAKING UP POSITIONS IN KIOWA TERRITORY, THE APACHES WAITED TO CATCH JOHNNY ALONE! AT LAST...

LOOK, IT IS HE! CALL TO HIM IN THE WHITE MAN'S TONGUE!

HEY, JOHNNY! UP HERE!

JOHNNY! C'MON UP!

PERHAPS THEY HAVE NEWS FOR ME CONCERNING THE AMBUSH! MY PEOPLE STILL SEETHE!

RIDING SWIFTLY TOWARD HIS SEEMING FRIENDS, HE SUDDENLY SNAPPED TO TENSE ALERTNESS...

NO SADDLES! AND NO SPURS! THEY'RE FAKES! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

AFTER HIM! HE HAS RECOGNIZED US!

THE TRAIL TO THE KIOWA CAMP CUT OFF, JOHNNY HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN TAIL---

I CAN'T OUTGALLOP 'EM ---AN' THERE'S NO PLACE IN SIGHT TO SHAKE 'EM!

DRIVE HIM TOWARD THE CLIFF!



I---I'M TRAPPED! I CAN'T LET 'EM CATCH ME! THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO!



IN A SPECTACULAR LEAP INTO THE YAWNING ABYSS---

THE BOY HAS SOUGHT HIS OWN DEATH!



JOHNNY INJUN IS NO MORE! WE HAVE BROUGHT YOU HIS HORSE!

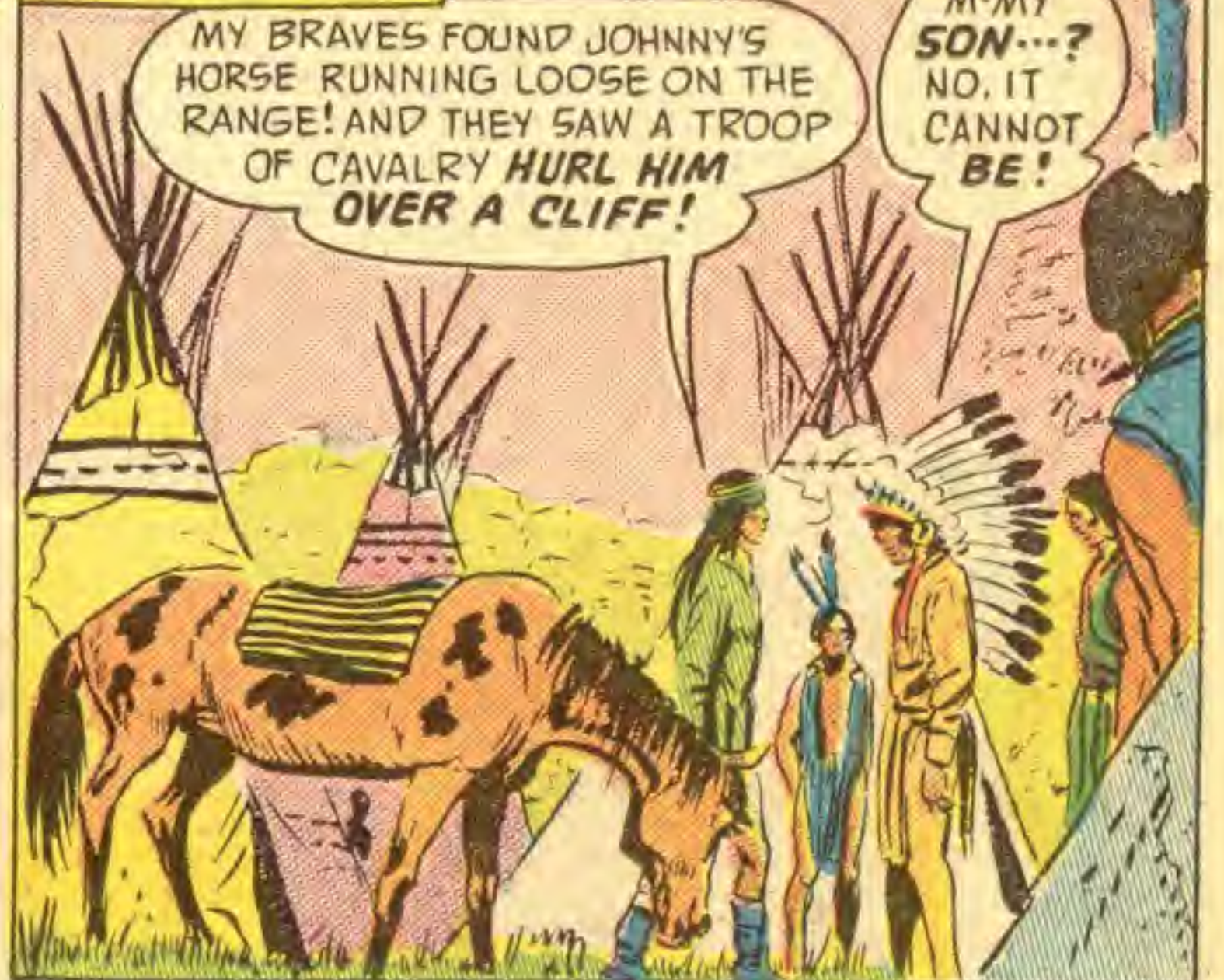
GOOD! LET US SEE WHAT RUNNING DEER SAYS NOW!



THE STUNNING NEWS BROUGHT SHOCKED GRIEF TO THE KIOWA CAMP---

MY BRAVES FOUND JOHNNY'S HORSE RUNNING LOOSE ON THE RANGE! AND THEY SAW A TROOP OF CAVALRY HURL HIM OVER A CLIFF!

M-MY SON...? NO, IT CANNOT BE!



GRIEF SOON TURNED TO FLAMING RAGE---

YOU ARE OLD, RUNNING DEER! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HONOR? ARE WE MEN...OR COWARDLY RABBITS?

MY SON---WILL BE AVENGED! MOUNT YOUR HORSES---WE RIDE WITH THUNDER-CLOUD!



BUT WHAT OF JOHNNY? ONLY AN EXPERT SWIMMER COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT PERILOUS DIVE---AND JOHNNY WAS THE BEST OF THE KIOWAS!

THE WATER WAS DEEP WHERE I STRUCK ---IT SAVED MY LIFE! BUT NOW---WHAT DO I DO? THOSE CAVALRYMEN WERE APACHES---THEY WILL MISLEAD RUNNING DEER INTO WAR!



WITHOUT A HORSE THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF GETTING BACK TO THE KIOWA CAMP IN TIME! SWIFTLY, HE FASHIONED A CRUDE RAFT---

THE RIVER RUNS PAST THE MILITARY STOCKADE! I MUST REACH COLONEL TRAVIS! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON ME!



PAST TREACHEROUS RAPIDS AND SWIFT CROSS-CURRENTS THE RAFT HURTLED! IT WAS ALL HE COULD DO TO KEEP IT FROM TURNING OVER---

I...I MUSTN'T FAIL! I **MUST** REACH THE FORT!



HOURS LATER, AFTER A PERILOUS JOURNEY---

SOMEHOW THE APACHES HAVE CAPTURED CAVALRY **UNIFORMS**! THUNDERCLOUD IS DECEIVING MY FATHER! I MUST HAVE A HORSE---I'VE GOT TO **WARN HIM**!

WE'RE GOING WITH YOU! **EVERY LAST ONE OF US!**



I DON'T KNOW HOW YUH MADE IT DOWN THE RIVER ON THAT FLIMSY RAFT!

I **HAD** TO! LET US RIDE **FASTER** ---THERE ISN'T MUCH **TIME**!



THE KIOWA CAMP WAS DESERTED, SAVE FOR SQUAWS AND YOUNG CHILDREN! THEY WERE STUNNED TO SEE JOHNNY---

THUNDERCLOUD SAID YOU WERE **DEAD**! ALL THE MEN HAVE GONE TO THE APACHE CAMP! BIG POW-WOW TONIGHT---TOMORROW ALL TRIBES ATTACK! IF ONLY RUNNING DEER KNEW YOU **LIVE**!

HE **WILL**, OLD WOMAN... I **SWEAR IT**!



NIGHT FELL AS THE TROOP GALLOPED TOWARD THE APACHE CAMP! SOON THE WILD BEAT OF TOMTOMS ECHOED ACROSS THE PRAIRIES---

HOLD! WE DARE GO NO FURTHER WITHOUT MEETING APACHE GUARDS! COLONEL TRAVIS, SURROUND THE CAMP WITH YOUR MEN! I WILL CRAWL PAST THEIR GUARDS---WHEN YOU HEAR MY GUNSHOT SIGNAL, **CHARGE FROM ALL SIDES!**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, JOHNNY---BUT I **TRUST YOU**!



WHILE THE TROOPERS RODE IN A WIDE CIRCLE AROUND THE APACHE STRONGHOLD, JOHNNY CREPT STEALTHILY FORWARD---

THEY WOULD KILL ME ON SIGHT! I DARE NOT SHOW MYSELF TILL I SEE **RUNNING DEER**!





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THE Old TIMER

IT happened shortly after the second World War, in the small town of Sandstone, Arizona. Jim Harris had returned from the South Pacific covered with medals and was the town hero. The only trouble was that he wasn't an especially modest chap, and after a while his telling and retelling of his great exploits began to bore people. But he never bored old "Deadeye" Dobson, an 80-year-old retired rancher who was a great talker himself, and whose tales of the flaming frontier days had made him a popular favorite until he too got the reputation of being something of a windbag.

Jim Harris and "Deadeye" Dobson had much in common. Both were tall lean men with firm jaws and steady eyes. They were matching tall tales around the pot-bellied stove in the general store when the trouble started. Jim had been boasting about what a great shot he was with a .45, how he'd taken all the shooting honors in his regiment. Old Dobson smiled complacently and remarked, "Shucks, the art o' pistol shootin' is dead, boy. Why, in my time the poorest shot in town could fire rings around the best man in these parts today."

Jim Harris boiled with rage, and his quick tongue loosened. "Baloney!" he snorted. "You old timers are always blabbing about how good you were with six-irons, but has anybody ever seen it?"

"Son," said Dobson grimly, "men like Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid, and Bat Masterson could plug a young whippersnapper like you six times before yuh'd even see his hand move!"

"Oh, is that so?" retorted Jim. "Sounds like just so much hot air to me. I just wish you were 50 years younger. I'd take you out in back and we'd set up a target and prove my point!"

"Don't let my white hairs stop yuh, blabbermouth," said Dobson, drawing himself up to his still erect six feet and three inches. "I ain't handled a gun in many a moon, but if I can't show yuh a thing or two I'll know it's time for me tuh hang up muh spurs."

The news spread like wildfire, and fifteen minutes later the whole town had

gathered to watch the match, which was held in the lot back of the feed store. Jim Harris stepped up to fire first. Raising his arm out stiffly he took careful aim on the target 50 yards away, six tin cans sitting on a fence. Bang! One of the cans went flying. Again he raised his arm straight out, sighted slowly, and slowly squeezed off his shot. Again he hit his mark. Six times he fired, and six times his aim was true. As the townsfolk applauded he handed the gun to old Dobson with a smirk.

"You can't beat perfection, pop," he said, grinning confidently.

While the cans were set on the fence again Dobson carefully hefted the .45 in his hand. "Anybody got another?" he asked. One was quickly produced. He hefted both in his hands carefully, testing their weight and balance. Then, without raising his hands from the level of his hips, old "Deadeye" Dobson slung lead.

The air was filled with the clatter of 12 bullets, and the crazy clinking of tin cans. All six went flying through the air as if pulled by a single string. Then all was silent. The crowd was dumfounded, awed. Jim Harris was the first to speak.

"Y-you hit all six of 'em, all right," he stammered. "But you fired twelve times. How do we know how many times you missed?"

"Son," said Dobson, blowing at the blue smoke which curled away from the barrels of his pistols, "I reckon you'll find two holes in each of them cans. Yuh see, I put another shot into each one while they were flying through the air! And by the way, yuh'll note that I was shootin' from the hip!"

Sure enough, when the cans were inspected, what Dobson had asserted proved true. Jim Harris was thunderstruck. "Holy Hannah!" he exclaimed. "That's the greatest thing I've ever seen!"

"Shucks," said Dobson calmly, "that was nothin' compared tuh *real* shootin', like those men I was tellin' yuh about. Why, I remember one time . . ."

From then on people allowed old "Deadeye" Dobson to do the talking, and everybody, including young Jim Harris, listened respectfully.

FLASH

The HOODED HORSEMAN'S MIRACLE DOG

I... I CAN HARDLY KEEP MUH EYES OPEN, FLASH! GETTIN' HOT AN' COLD BY TURNS... FEEL MIGHTY... BAD...

WHEN THE WESTERN OUTLAW OF YESTERYEAR THOUGHT OF THE HOODED HORSEMAN, IT WAS NOT ONLY THE MASKED MAN'S FLYING FISTS AND BLAZING SIXGUNS HE FEARED! NO, FOR AT HIS SIDE WAS 60 POUNDS OF CANINE FIGHTING FURY, WITH AN ALMOST HUMAN BRAIN! YOU'VE WATCHED OVER YOUR MASTER CLOSELY, FLASH, AND RIGHT NOW, LISTENING TO HIS WHEEZING BREATH, YOU'RE WORRIED!

OSDEN
CHITNEY

IT'S 40 MILES TO THE NEAREST TOWN, AND THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS ARE BITTER COLD! YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MAN YOU LOVE MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD, AND SUDDENLY... THE WORST HAPPENS!

I CAINT... HOLD ON! GOIN' TUH... OH-HHH...

HE LIES TERRIBLY STILL IN THE SNOW, AND THE ICY HAND OF FEAR CLUTCHES AT YOUR BRAVE HEART! HE NEEDS HELP, BUT NOT THE KIND YOU CAN GIVE! ALL YOU CAN DO IS WHINE AND LICK HIS FACE...



AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, HIS EYES OPEN SLOWLY---

I---I GOT TUH GET WARM---OUT OF THE SNOW! THAT CAVE--- GOT TUH MAKE IT---



STAGGERING, CRAWLING ON HANDS AND KNEES MOST OF THE WAY, HE REACHES THE SHELTER, WHILE YOUR THOUGHTS ARE CONFUSED AND DESPERATE---

I---GOT THE---FEVER! NEED A---DOCTOR! GO GET HELP, FLASH--- HURRY---



HELP! 40 MILES THROUGH DEEP SNOWS---IT'LL TAKE TIME! AND BECAUSE YOU KNOW YOUR MASTER WILL HAVE TO KEEP WARM, YOU QUICKLY GATHER FIREWOOD IN YOUR STRONG JAWS---

GOOD BOY! I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TUH SIT MUH HORSE, PARD---AN' THERE AIN'T MUCH FOOD IN THE SADDLEBAGS! GO ON, FLASH---RUN! I'M COUNTIN' ON YUH! I'LL TIE A NOTE TUH YORE COLLAR---



HE'S COUNTING ON YOU! YOU KNOW THE DIRECTION, AND AFTER A SINGLE ENCOURAGING PAT ON THE HEAD, YOUR MIGHTY BODY TAKES OVER---



RUN! RUN! FOR HOURS YOU GIVE YOURSELF NO REST! AND THEN BOTH HUNGER AND FATIGUE OVERTAKE YOU! YOU GASP FOR BREATH, AND NEARBY YOU SIGHT THE FOOD YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE---



IT TOOK PRECIOUS TIME TO OVERTAKE THAT RABBIT, TIME YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE UP! THROUGH ALL OF THE BLACK NIGHT YOU RUN, WHILE AN ICY WIND KNIFES THROUGH YOU! AND NOW, A WASHED-OUT BRIDGE PRESENTS AN ALMOST INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE---



YOU'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS, BUT YOU KNOW THAT YOU'D FREEZE IN THE ICY FLOOD! SO YOU THINK IN YOUR OWN MYSTERIOUS WAY, AND YOU SEE A LOG NEARBY---



TIME AND AGAIN YOU ALMOST LOSE YOUR PRECARIOUS HOLD! BUT FINALLY THE LOG EDGES TOWARD THE FAR SIDE! YOU CAN'T FAIL NOW...NOT WHEN HELP ISN'T FAR OFF...



PANT!
PANT!

AT LAST...SAFETY! BUT THERE'S NO REST...YOU'VE GOT TO RUN, RUN! YOUR STOUT HEART IS BEATING LIKE A TRIPHAMMER...BUT NOW, AT LAST, YOU'VE REACHED YOUR DESTINATION!



ARF!
ARF!

BARKING FURIOUSLY, YOU RACE DOWN THE MAIN STREET...CREATING AS MUCH COM-MOTION AS YOU CAN...

THE HOUND MUST BE LOCO!

WAIT...THAT'S A NOTE TIED TO HIS COLLAR!



HOPPIN' HORNED TOADS! IT'S FROM THE HOODED HORSEMAN! HE'S SICK...UP IN THE MOUNTAINS! LET'S GIT A DOCTOR AN' SADDLE UP! FLASH HERE'LL LEAD US BACK!

LEAD US BACK? THE POOR DOG IS PLUMB TUCKERED OUT! HE CAN'T HARDLY STAND!



THEY THINK YOU WON'T MAKE IT...BUT THEY DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH STRENGTH THERE IS IN A DOG'S DEVOTION TO A BELOVED MASTER! YOU'RE RUNNING ONLY ON COURAGE NOW...

I'D GIVE A THOUSAND FOR A HOUND LIKE THAT!

I RECKON THERE'S JUST ONE IN THE WORLD LIKE HIM...AN' HE AIN'T FOR SALE!



YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT TIME, BUT AN ETERNITY OF AGONY IS WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH! AND WHEN THE CAVE WAS REACHED, YOU THOUGHT YOU'D FAILED...

HE'S STILL ALIVE...BUT NOT BY MUCH! TIE HIM TO A HORSE, AND THE DOG TOO! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO TOWN!



YOU AND YOUR MASTER ARE MADE OF STERN STUFF, AND GIVEN HALF A CHANCE, YOU'LL WIN THROUGH! WEEKS LATER...

I DIDN'T FIGURE EITHER YOU OR FLASH WOULD RECOVER! YOU HAD PNEUMONIA, HORSEMAN! THE DOG SAVED YOU!

SHUCKS, DOC... FLASH'S PULLED ME THROUGH TIGHTER SCRAPES...AN' I RECKON HE'LL DO IT AGAIN! GOOD OLD BOY!



YOUR MASTER'S HAND IS PATTING YOU...AND THAT'S ALL THE MEDICINE YOU NEED!

THE END!

GIVEN - PREMIUMS Or - GIVEN

OUR 60TH YEAR **ACT NOW**



BE FIRST



BOYS-GIRLS-LADIES-MEN

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WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A-27, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON NOW



MAIL COUPON

OUR 60TH YEAR



THIS YEAR



BE FIRST

ACT NOW



BOYS GIRLS



BE FIRST

ACT NOW



WATCHES



BOYS GIRLS

MAIL COUPON TODAY

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Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name										
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Zip										
Print LAST Name Here										

Circle on a postal card or mail to us **RIGHT NOW**

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WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A-27, TYRONE, PA.

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I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy

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in 10
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OF FUN
A DAY!

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60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
HARD-HITTING
MUSCLES!**

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YOUR LAST
CHANCE

TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?

that 125 lb.—6 ft.

CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail NOW the FREE
coupon below as I did.

Soon YOU can add
7 inches to your CHEST
3½ inches to EACH
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

**Come On, PAL
NOW YOU** give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
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and I'll give YOU

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
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everyone admires my champ
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ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My
wide manly SHOULDERS. My
POPULARITY with boys. The
way GIRLS go for me—once
so girl-shy. My new pro-
fess in SPORTS. My new
quickness in STUDIES. My
double-energy at work.

There's that
skinny scarecrow
JOHN. Let's
pass him by!



John
Sill
before



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
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soon!

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the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOL-
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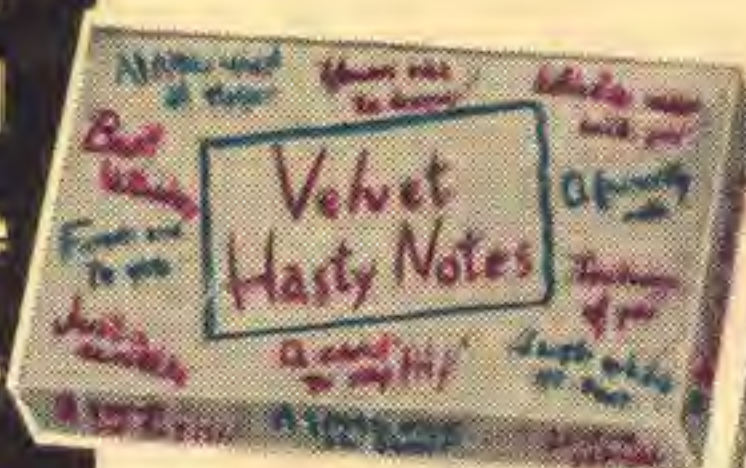
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